

GOLF SEASON OPENS AT THE COUNTRY CLUB

Modern Fables. By George Ade.



COUNTRY CLUB HOUSE



FIRST THE COUNTRY CLUB GOLF COURSE

The golf season opened auspiciously at the Country Club yesterday. There was a large attendance and the playing was pronounced by the experts to be up to expectations. The accompanying illustrations, which show the clubhouse and links to advantage, are from photographs taken by H. O. Officer.

UNDER Leader D'Kies, with a cool breeze blowing from the snow-capped mountains, almost too cool for comfort, the golf season opening of the Country Club took place yesterday. The golf course was in fair condition, but it was evident that very little practice had been done by the members during the winter, as all who attempted to make the round seemed to be unable to judge the distance in making their strokes, and consequently very few brilliant plays occurred.

Very few of the ladies appeared on the grounds to take part in the playing. They contented themselves by remaining in the clubhouse, playing ping pong and enjoying the music of the orchestra.

Since last season the clubhouse has undergone an entire renovation in the interior decorations, and a new addition has been built to the culinary department, which was very much needed, as the previous quarters were too crowded.

An elegant supper was served to all present. Mrs. McCormick and Mrs. Harkness acted as hostesses. The table was tastefully decorated with a profusion of flowers, and a symphony orchestra discoursed sweet music during the serving of the repast. The following are a portion of the guests present:

The Guests.

Mrs. Lawton, Miss Rookledge, Miss Sherman, Mrs. R. H. Channing, Mrs. David Murray, Mrs. Robert Officer, Mrs. Jay T. Harris, Mrs. E. W. Genter, Mrs. Sigs, Mrs. Flagg, Miss Woodward, Mrs. Mont Perry, Mrs. Pearsall, Mrs. Kenyon, Mrs. Hale, Mrs. W. W. Armstrong, Mrs. Steiner, Mrs. McCormick, Mrs. Sam Park, Mrs. Emery-Holmes, Miss McCormick, Mrs. Dr. Niles, Mrs. G. W. Holman, Messrs. Fred Hale, J. Walcott Thompson, Jay T. Harris, E. F. Holmes, A. W. Copp, Mont Perry, Ed Perry, James Neill, E. B. Wicks, Russell Tracy, Frank McGurran, George Steiner, Dr. Niles, G. W. Holman, R. H. Officer, Colonel Sam Park, D. H. Murray, C. Sturgis.

The following are some of the scores made: A. W. Copp, 94; Fred Hale, 90; G. W. Holman, 103; Mr. Ritter, 100; J. W. Neill, 103.

NOTES.

Dr. Niles: "I never could understand this game of golf before. I was always under the impression that it was a game in which only old men and young girls played. Now I find everybody can play it. Or play at it, I am quite an enthusiast."

It was really pathetic to hear Mr. Holman tell of his downfall. It was during the last round. Just before starting out, with Mr. Ritter as opponent, they concluded that a little stimulant would be the right thing. "But somehow or other," said Mr. Holman, "the glasses got mixed, and Ritter's being stronger than mine, by George! when I got out on the ground I was unable to see the holes, and so had to suffer in a deplorable score. I always will think that Ritter put up the job on me." Of course, Mr. Holman was only making a humorous explanation of a score of which he wasn't proud.

Fred Hale's appearance on the grounds was a source of pleasure to the caddies. He was dressed in faultless attire, as follows: Red socks, low shoes, green striped trousers, ox-blood shirt (the ox-bloidiest), white hat and a stogie. Mr. Copp chose him for an adversary because, as he said, he always did dote on gaudy colors, and not because he feared his brilliant plays.

Another player who came in for considerable admiration was Colonel Sam Park, who, with his kaleidoscopic shirt, represented the Clan Park in gorgeous style.

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INTERESTING MEMENTO OF SLAVE DAYS IN KENTUCKY

Know all men by these presents that I Thomas Bowling of the County of Nelson and State of Kentucky, for and in consideration of the sum of Four hundred Dollars good and lawful money of the United States to me in hand paid, the receipt whereof I do hereby acknowledge, hath this day bargained sold and delivered unto Robert Anderson of the County and State aforesaid, two negroes, one named Daniel, aged about forty three years, the other named Winn, aged about forty five years; I also warrant and defend the two aforesaid negroes to be slaves during life - In Testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this 18th day of September 1828

Thoms Bowling

Geord Males

JUDGE T. J. ANDERSON of this city has just come into possession of a family document which he prizes most highly, because of the story attached to it. The bill of sale for two slaves, which is reproduced here, was recovered from the papers left by his father. When the family was preparing to leave Kentucky and move to Illinois, the slave Daniel said he would like to be sold to some man of his own choice, preferably a Catholic, as that was his own faith. He was fortunate in finding a purchaser for himself and finally came back with the report that he had found a purchaser for himself and was made. The document is of historical interest as showing the valuation of slave labor at a time when business was extremely scarce and most men were in trade and barter. Judge Anderson says his father and then together sawed out with a whip saw all the lumber needed for the construction of a flatboat, with which the old gentleman made a trip to New Orleans, carrying produce which was sold on arrival there. The return trip was made by steamboat, the first time Mr. Anderson had ever traveled up the Mississippi in that way. Judge Anderson believes the trip was the first ever made up the "Father of Waters" by a steamboat. He has a vivid recollection of his father's narration of the difficulties of the journey, even in that manner. Fortunately the passengers all had to go ashore and help draw the boat up through the rapids.

The Best She Could Do.

"There is only one reason," he said, "why I have never asked you to be my wife."

"What is that?" she asked.

"I have always been half afraid you might refuse."

Well, she whispered, after a long silence, "I should think you'd have curiosity enough to want to find out whether your suspicion was well founded or not."

HONOR IN WALL STREET.

Sacrificed Fortune Because They Would Not Break Their Promise.

(New York World.)

By refusing to break their word of honor, a half-dozen men lost the chance of making millions of dollars in an hour of frenzied Wall street speculation.

The story, which has recently been sworn to in a series of affidavits, may sound to the uninitiated more like a product of Persian imagination than a matter of fact account of a business transaction in New York City.

It appears, however, that during the panic in Wall street on May 3, when Northern Pacific stock was cornered and refused to sell, although they were offered \$14,000,000 for their holdings. The difference between yes and no meant to them \$12,000,000 in cold cash.

"On the day of the panic," said James J. Hill, "we all sat still. We neither bought nor sold."

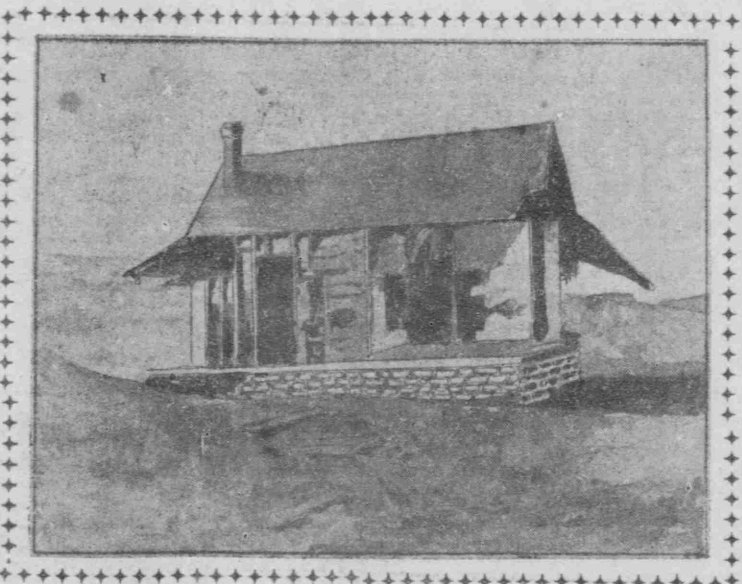
stock. A rival corporation was seeking to oust Mr. Morgan from the control of the Northern Pacific, and if Mr. Hill and his three friends had sold all or a moderate proportion of their stock it would have succeeded in its purpose. The situation thus stood as follows: To sell their stock meant to get for at least part of its seven times its par value; to hold their stock meant to lose millions of dollars and to keep their promise to Morgan.

In spite of the tremendous inducement, the four men kept their promise and their stock.

Several London financiers held \$2,000,000 worth of Northern Pacific stock, but they, too, had passed their word and refused to sell, although they were offered \$14,000,000 for their holdings. The difference between yes and no meant to them \$12,000,000 in cold cash.

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THE HOUSE ... THAT ... COIN BUILT.



THE old summer cottage of William H. Harvey, celebrated as the author of "Coin's Financial School," serves at this time to point a moral and adorn a tale. The tale is a dozen years long, and the moral is, in effect, that all things come to the corporation that is strong enough to wait and does so.

A dozen years ago W. H. Harvey was a resident of Ogden. Coin was an enterprising and a hustler—was from Missouri—but did not need to be shown in order to have unbounded faith in Ogden's future commercial greatness.

Harvey projected and carried out for the summer of 1890 a great midsummer Mardi Gras—known in the boom literature of the time as "The Carnival."

Harvey threw himself into the celebration. It did not meet with the success hoped for, and as the bottom dropped out of Ogden's lauded boom about that time it arouses no pleasant memories to the average freeholder of Ogden.

When the excitement cleared away it was found that Harvey had furnished the fireworks—at least, he had guaranteed payment of the bill to the California Powder company.

Among the ventures of Harvey that summer was the erection of a summer home out near the lake shore by Little Mountain on a quarter section of land, where Harvey expected to have a model summer home with convenient lake bathing, boating and general summer amusements generally.

Coin left Ogden and the California Powder company came into possession of the house and land. Half forgotten and entirely neglected, the house and other improvements fell to decay, the company paying taxes and keeping it a mere nothing.

Recently, however, the route of the Southern Pacific's new route from Ogden to Lucin was located past the property, which, being close to the lake shore, is of considerable value, and the California Powder company will have no cause to regret that a few hundred of its dollars went up in the smoke of the Ogden carnival.

"As a matter of fact, on the panic day I was buying locomotives. Every man of us had given his word, and that was sufficient."

"There was absolutely no written agreement. The stock was all placed together for identification, so that there would be no temptation to buy or sell."

"It had nothing to do with the corner. There was an attempt, or what was considered an attempt, to wrest the control of the Northern Pacific from the people who had organized it, and I and my friends stood with the parties who had organized it."

"If we had sold our stock, or part of it, the control would have passed to another company. Consequently our stock was not for sale, because we did not want to sell out our friends."

"We told J. Pierpont Morgan that our stock was not for sale and that we would support him in retaining control."

Mr. Hill further said that he did not

The Modern Fable of the Batch of Letters, or One Day With a Busy Man.

(Copyright, 1902, by Robert Howard Russell.)

ONE Morning an energetic little Man who had about a Ton of Work piled up on his Desk came down Town with a Hop, Skip and Jump, determined to clean up the whole Lay-Out before Nightfall.

He had taken eight hours of Slumber and a cold Souse in the Porcelain. After Breakfast he came out into the Spring Sunshine feeling as fit as a Fiddle and as snippy as a young Colt.

"Me to the Office to get that Stack of Letters off my Mind," said the Hopeful Citizen.

When he dashed into the Office he carried 220 pounds of Steam and was keen for the Attack.

A tall Man with tan Whiskers arose



The Insurance Agent With the Realistic Picture.

from behind the roll-top Desk and greeted him.

"How are you feeling this Morning?" asked the Stranger.

"Swell and Sassy," was the reply.

"And yet, tomorrow you may join the Appendicitis Colony and stay after tomorrow you may lie in the darkened Front Room with Floral Offerings on all sides," said the Stranger. "What you want is one of our Non-reversible, twenty-year, pneumatic Policies with the Reserve Fund Clause. Kindly glance at this Chart. Suppose you take the reactionable Endowment with the special Provision permitting the accumulation of both Premium and Interest. On a \$10,000 Policy for 20 Years you make \$3,800 clear, whether you live or die, while the Company loses \$3,874.44, as you can see for yourself."

"This is my—," began the Man.

"Or you may prefer the automatic tontine Policy with ball-bearings," continued the Death Angel. "In this case the entire Reserve goes into the Sinking Fund and draws Compound Interest. This is made possible under our new System of reducing Operating Expenses to a Minimum and putting the Executive Department into the Hands of well known New York Financiers who do not seek Pecuniary Reward but are actuated by a Philanthropic Desire to do good to all Persons living west of the Alleghenies."

"That will be about all from you," said the Man. "Mosey! Duck! Up the Alley!"

"Then you don't care what becomes of your family?" asked the Stranger in a horrified tone.

"My Relatives are collecting all of their Money in Advance," said the Man. "If they are not worrying over

was all about little Frankie, the Only Child, the Phenom, the 40-pound Prodigy.

In every large Establishment there is a gurgling Parent who comes down in the Morning with a Story concerning the incipient Debut out at their House. It seems that little Frankie has been told something at Sunday School and he asked his Mother about it and she told him so-and-so, whereupon the Infant Joker arose to the Emergency and said: and then you get it, and any one who doesn't laugh is lacking in a Finer Appreciation of Child Nature. The Busy Man listened to Frankie's Latest and asked, "What's the Rest of it?"

So the Parent remarked to several people that day that the Man was sinking into a crabbed Old Age.

At 10 A. M. the Man repeated, "Dear Sir" and a Voice came to him, remarking on the Beauty of the Weather. A Person who might have been Professor of Bee-Culture in the Pike County Agricultural Seminary, so far as make-up was concerned, took the Man by the Hand and informed him that he (the Man) was a Prominent Citizen and that being the case he would be given a Reduction on the half-morocco Edition. While doing his 150 Words a Minute, he worked a Keller Trick and produced a large Prospectus from under his Coat. Before the Busy Man could grab a Spindle and defend himself, he was looking at a half-tone Photo of Aristotle and listening to all the different Reasons why the Work should be in every Gentleman's Library. Then the Agent whispered the inside Price to him so that the Stenographer would not hear, and began to fill out a Blank. The Man summoned all his Strength and made a Buck.

"I don't read Books," he said. "I am an Intellectual Nite. Clear Out!"

So the Agent gave him a couple of pitying Looks and departed, meeting in the Doorway a pop-eyed Person with his Hat on the Back of his Head and a Roll of Blue Prints under his Arm. The Man looked up and mumbled. He recognized his Visitor as a most dangerous



A Committee of Ladies Soliciting Funds.

Monomaniac—the one who is building a House and wants to show the Picture.

"I've got everything figured out," he began, "except that we can't get from the Dining Room to the Library without going through the Laundry, and there's no Flue connecting with the Kitchen. What do you think I'd better do?"

"I think you ought to live at a Hotel," was the reply.

The Monomaniac went home and told his Wife that he had been insured.

At 11:30 came a Committee of Ladies soliciting Funds for the Home for the Friendless.

"Those who are Friendless don't know their own Luck!" said the Busy Man, whereupon the Ladies went outside and agreed that he was a Brute.

At Noon he went out and lunched on Bromo Seltzer.

When he rushed back to tackle his Correspondence, he was met by a large Body of Walking Delegates who told him that he had employed a non-union Man to paint his Barn and that he was a Candidate for the Boycott. He put in an Hour squaring himself and then he turned to the Stenographer with the Kitchen. What do you think I'd better do?"

"I think you ought to live at a Hotel," was the reply.

Just then he got the Last Straw—a bewildered Rufus with a Letter of Introduction. The Busy Man took 40 Minutes. When Rufus walked out, the Busy Man fell with his Face among the unanswered Letters.

"Call a Cab," he said.

"The Phone is out of order," was the reply.

"Ring for a Messenger," he said.

She pulled the Buzzer and in 20 minutes there slowly entered a boy from the Telegraph Office.

The Man let out a low Howl like that of a Prairie Wolf and ran from the Office. When he arrived at Home he threw his Hat at the Rack and then made the Children back into the Corner to keep quiet. His Wife told around that Henry was Working too hard.

MORAL: Work is a Snap, but the Intermissions do up the Nervous System.

even know where the stock had been deposited.

These facts, obtained by a series of affidavits made by James J. Hill, J. P. Morgan's brokers and other persons connected with this remarkable financial transaction, reveal the secret history of the Northern Pacific corner on May 3, which ruined hundreds and shook for a time the markets of the world. For weeks past lawyers have been engaged in taking depositions from the men who were concerned in the "corner" getting evidence to be used in various lawsuits, and the final result of their investigations is the foregoing story of "honor bright."

The fact that this form of business honor is not rare in the history of Wall street is shown by the article written expressly for the Sunday World by Mr. Jefferson Seligman of the long established house of J. & W. Seligman of New York and London as follows:

In my business dealings I have come in contact with a large number of men engaged in various enterprises, and feel, therefore, qualified to pay tribute to the high plane on which our American business men conduct their affairs.

I have rarely deemed it necessary to resort to immediate written contracts, and have invariably found that the word given at the time of the transaction has been fully complied with and lived up to. In fact, nowhere is there a higher standard of business honor than among our American business men.

About two years ago on the floor of the stock exchange an operator called out: "Forty for any part of \$5,000 of Leather common." "Sold \$5,000." Here was a contract involving \$1,500,000 completed by a simple shake of the finger or a nod of the head. This is an illus-

Nothing to Feel Bad About.

(Boston Transcript.)

Horkins—Bother birth and opportunity! A man has his future in his own hands. What I am I make myself.

Synner—Oh, well; I wouldn't feel bad about it, Horkins. Of course, you wouldn't do it again.